

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*King.* And his Kinsman too.

*Pist.* The *Figo* for thee then.

*King.* I thanke you: God be with you.

*Pist.* My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*

*King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

*Manet King.*

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

*Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen*.

*Flu.* So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tattle nor pibble bable in *Pompeys* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warre, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

*Gower.* Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

*Flu.* If the Enemie is an Ass and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Ass and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

*Gow.* I will speake lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

*King.* Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

*Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.*

*Court.* Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

*Bates.* I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desire the approach of day.

*Williams.* Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

*King.* A Friend.

*Williams.* Vnder what Captaine serue you?

*King.* Vnder Sir *John Erpingham*.

*Williams.* A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinke he of our estate?

*King.* Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the King?

*King.* No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

*Bates.* He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.

*King.* By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

*King.* I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where but where hee is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so should hee be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saved.

*King.* I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoeuer you speake this to feeble others mens minds, me thinke I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and his Quarrell honorable.

*Williams.* That's more then we know.

*Bates.* I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

*Williams.* But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all these Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaille, shall ioine together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am asfeard, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaille: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if the men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

*King.* So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Seas; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be assailed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcilable Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, but his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murder; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periwicke; some, making the Warres their Sulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Nature punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, as now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprovided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subiects Durie is the Kings, but every Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sicke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not fitt to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will. Tis*

*Will.* 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*King.* I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransomed.

*Will.* I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ransomed, and wee ne're the wiser.

*King.* If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after.

*Will.* You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yee, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll neuer trust his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*King.* Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

*Will.* Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

*King.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee againe?

*King.* Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

*Will.* Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

*King.* There.

*Will.* This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

*King.* If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

*King.* Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

*Will.* Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrells enow, if you could tell how to reckon. *Exit Souldiers.*

*King.* Indeepe the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shouldres: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules, Our Debts, our carefull Wiues, Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King: We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subiect to the breath of every foole, whose sence No more can feele, but his owne wringing. What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect, That priuate men enioy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too, Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie? And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie? What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers. What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in? O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme, Creating awe and feare in other men? Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd, Then they in fearing.

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